No

FIRE IN MY ARSE

A FRIAR to a river went,
To wash his hands and face;
And there he spied a pretty maid,
A washing of her arse.
And her fal, lal, &c.

O what is the matter my pretty maid,
That your cunt looks so red;
She cry'd, With carrying fire in my arse,
To warm my master's bed.
And his fal, lal, &c.

Then the Friar lugg'd out a mighty torse,
As big as he could handle;
And if you carry fire in your arse,
Pray let me light my candle,
By your fal, lal, &c.

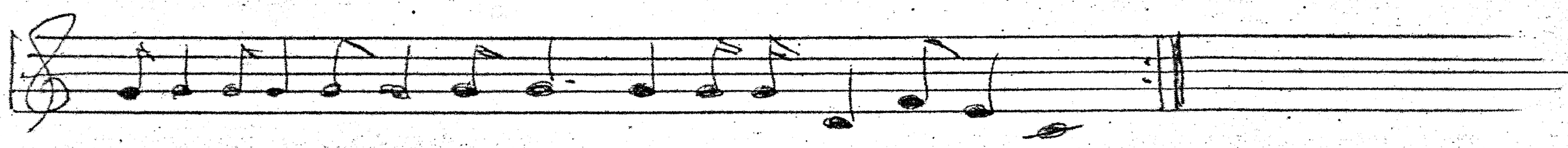
The Friar ramm'd in his mighty torse,
As much as he could stuff;
But she melted his tallow all away,
And reduced it to a snuff
With her fal, lal, &c.

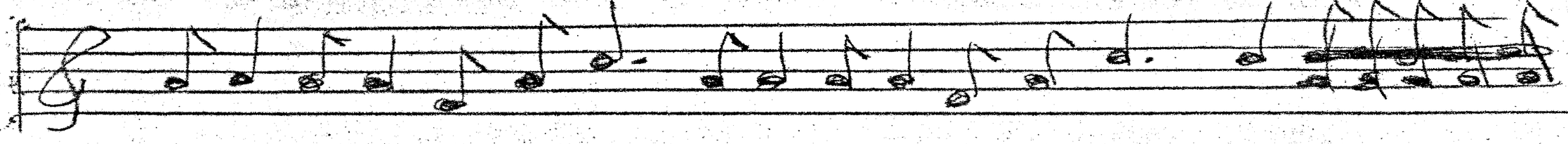
The Friar he kneel'd upon the ground,
In posture most devout;
Lighten my darkness, Lord, he cried,
For my candle's quite burnt out.
By her fal, lal, &c.

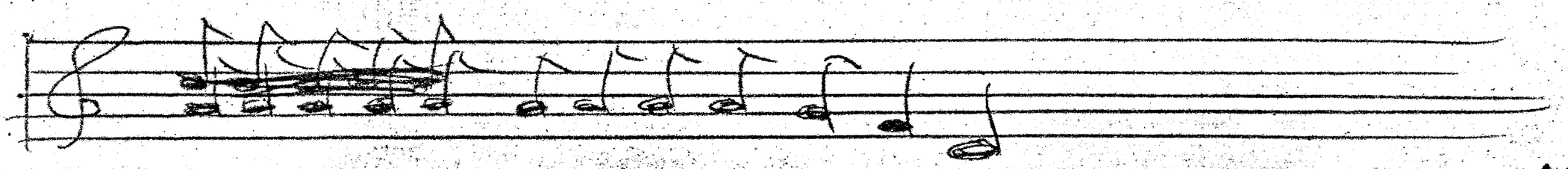
The Frisky Songster, 1802.

1770-

p.81-2

COLOMBO

CHORUS





TIMING NOT EXACT

Three ships came sailing into port,

One was a double-decker.

Queen Mary waved her handkerchief;

Colombo waved his pecker.

cho. He knew the world was round-o,

He knew it could be found-o,

That hypothetical mathematical

Son-of-a-bitch, Colombo.

One day Colombo came on deck,

His cock was like a mastpole.

He grabbed the first-mate by the neck

And rammed it up his asshole.

Carlisle 1950

Colombo had a cabin-boy,

The dirty little snipper.

He lined his ass with broken glass

And circumcized the skipper.

An Indian Maiden came on board,

Colombo he pursued her.

The white of an egg ran down her leg,

The son-of-a-bitch, he screwed her.

GRADE SCHOOL RHYMES - 1970-74 - Carlisle, Pa.
(Collected by a 9-12 year old girl)

1. Comet will make you vomit,
So get Comet and vomit today. [Parody on a musical TV commercial] May 1970.

2. [Tune: "How Dry I am"]

How dry I am, how wet I'll be,
If I don't find the bathroom key.
I found the key, but where's the door?
It's too late now, it's on the floor. Aug. 1972.

3. [Tune: "On top of old Smoky"]

On top of old Smoky, I ran to her funeral,
All covered with sand, I ran to her grave,
I shot my poor teacher I promised her flowers
With a blue rubber band. But threw a grenade.

I did it with pleasure,
I did it with pride,
I couldn't have missed her,
She's a hundred feet wide. Jan. 1972.

4. Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream,
Throw your teacher overboard
And listen to her scream. Jan. 1972.

5. Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Teacher nit me with a ruler,
Met her at the door with a loaded .44
And she don't teach no more. Jan. 1972.

6. [Tune: "Frere Jacques"]

Marijuana, marijuana,
LSD, LSD,
Scientists make it, teachers take it,
Why can't we, why can't we? Frequent during this period.
Cf. Brunvand, "The Study of Contemporary Folklore: Jokes," Fabula, 13 (1972), 3.

7. Ta ra ra boom de ay,
We have no school today,
Our teacher passed away,
We threw her in the bay. 1972.

8. MacDonald's is your kind of place,
Hamburgers in your face,
French fries up your nose,
Dill pickles in your toes,
Catsup running down your back,
I want my money back,
Before I have a heart attack. Sept. 1971. Parody of a TV commercial.

9. My bonny has tuberculosis,
My bonny has only one lung,
She sucks up the blood and corruption
And rolls it around on her tongue. Feb. 1974.

10. Now I lay me down to rest.
I pray I pass tomorrow's test.
And if I die before I wake,
That's one less test I'll have to take. Dec. 1974.

11. Jack and Jill went up the hill
To have a little fun.
Jill forgot to take the pill
And now they have a son. Jan. 1974, Nov. 1974.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down on top of Jill
And now they have a daughter, Graffito, Shippensburg State College Library, Nov. 1974.

12. Tune: "On Top of Old Smoky"

On top of spaghetti, all covered with cheese,
I lost my poor meatball, whensomebody sneezed.
It rolled off the table and onto the floor,
and then my poor meatball rolled out of the door.
It rolled through the garden and under a bush,
And then my poor meatball was nothing but mush.
The mush was as tasty, as tasty could be,
~~And then there was only enough for me.~~
And early next summer it grew into a tree. [Obviously a solar myth
The tree was all covered with beautiful sauce, survival]
And on that tree grew meatball tomato sauce.
So if you have spaghetti all covered with cheese,
Hang onto your meatball and don't ever sneeze. 1972.

13 Tune:"The Old Grey Mare"

Great big globs of greasy, grimy gopher guts,
Lady money monkies' feet, little dirty birdies' feet.
Great big globs of greasy, grimy gopher guts.
I forgot my spoon, but they have straws. Jan. 1973.

14 Tune: Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer."

Randolph, the silver cowboy,
Had a bright and shiny gun,
And if you ever saw it,
You would turn around and run.
All of the other cowboys,
Used to laugh and call him names;
They wouldn't let poor Randolph
Play in any poker games.
Then one foggy Christmas eve,
The sheriff came to say,
"Randolph, with your gun so bright,
Won't you shoot my wife tonight?" Fall, 1973. Also on the
Tonight Show, NBC-TV, Dec. 14, 1973.

HIGH SCHOOL SONGS COLLECTED IN CARLISLE, 1949-51

1. [Tune: "While those caissons go rolling along"]

Give a cheer, give a cheer,
For the boys who make the beer,
In the cellars of old Carlisle High.
They are brave, they are bold,
And the whiskey they can hold,
While those beerbarrels go sliding by.

2. [Tune: "When you wore a tulip"]

S.... S ... crawled under a big pile of lumber
And pulled off her cheesy drawers;
She laid there naked, and begged me to take it,
But I knew I wouldn't dare.
Life would be sweeter if I'd take out my peter,
Down where the short hair grows,
[. . . line missing . . .]
And whitewash her big red rose.

3. [Tune: "I'm looking over a four-leaf clover"]

I'm looking under a two-legged wonder,
That I underlooked before.
First comethe ankles, and then come the knees,
Then come the knockers that swing in the breese,
And there's no need explaining,
The one remaining,
Is something that I adore.
I'm looking under, a two-legged wonder,
That I underlooked before.

A member of the studio audience on Johnny Carson's Tonight Show, NBC-TV, Jan. 1, 1969, in a segment called "Stump the Band" sang the first four lines:

I'm looking under a two-legged wonder
That I underlooked before.
First come the ankles and then come the knees,
Then come the panties that wave in the breeze.

4. [Tune: "Rancho Grande"]

I am a ruptured cowboy,
I have se gonorrheee-a, ah-ha!
I got it from María,
She gave it to me free-a,
It hurts me when I pee-ee-ee-a.
[spoken] Shit too!

5. [Tune: "Stormy Weather"]

Don't know why, there's no buttons on my fly,
Stormy weather, since my baby and I slept together.

6. [Tune: "Ta Ra Ra Boom De Ay"]

S . . . S . . . is a friend of mine,
She will do it anytime,
For a nickel or a dime,
Fifteen cents for overtime.

CHO. Ta ra ra boom de ay,
Have you had yours today?
I had mine yesterday,
That's why I walk this way.

S . . . S . . . paid me fifty cents,
To lay across the fence.
I certainly was surprised
To see my belly rise.

7. [Tune: "John Brown's Body"]

She waded in the water till she got her toes all wet,
She waded in the water till she got her toes all wet,
She waded in the water till she got her toes all wet,
But she didn't get her [CLAP, CLAP] wet, yet.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
She didn't get her [CLAP, CLAP] wet, yet.

She waded in the water till she got her feet all wet,
[repeat]

She waded in the water till she got her ankles wet,
[repeat]

She waded in the water till she got her knees all wet,
[repeat]

She waded in the water till she finally got it wet,
She waded in the water till she finally got it wet,
She waded in the water till she finally got it wet,
Yes, she finally got her bathing suit wet, yet.

Glory, glory, etc.

SCHOOL SONGS, Collected May 19, 1974, from
a fifteen year old boy from Newville, Pa.

1. He's Popeye the sailor man,
He lives in a frying pan.
He loves to go swimmin'
With bare-naked women.
He's Popeye the sailor man.

2. Tune: "Wreck of the Old 97."

He was goin' down the road
About ninety miles an hour,
When the chain on his bicycle broke.
He was found in the grass
With the sprocket up his ass,
And his balls playin' "Dixie" on the spokes.

COLLEGE SONGS (Collected at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., 1951-55)

1. Tune: "The Shiek of Araby"

Two part harmony, the melody singing the lines at left, with a monotone repeating after each line the refrain at right.

I'm theshiek of Araby,	with no pants on,
Your heart belongs to me,	with no pants on,
At night when you're asleep,	with no pants on,
Into your tent I'll creep,	with no pants on.
The moon that shines above,	with no pants on,
Will light out way to love,	with no pants on.
You'll rule this land with me,	with no pants on.
I'm the shiek of Araby.	with no pants on.

2. Tune: "LetMe Call You Sweetheart."

Let me call you sweetheart, I don't love you anymore,
Since I caught you necking with the girl next door.
I can find another who can neck as well,
And for all that I care, you can go to hell.

3. Tune: "Don't get around much anymore."

Missed the toilet this morning,
Pissed all over the floor;
Mopped it up with my toothbrush,
Don't brush my teeth much anymore.

Cf. Sex-to-Sexty, no. 26, p. 46.

The Yukon

I just got back from the Yukon,
Me and my old pal, Lou,
There's where we started a whorehouse,
And a god-damn good one too.

There's where I met my Sally,
She was tall, good-lookin' an' rough,
The son-of-a-bitch had brush disease,
You just couldn't fuck her enough.

Along came a guy from Carlisle,
He was short, stumpy and rich,
He stole my gal and fucked my Sal,
The dirty son-of-a-bitch.

Give me a shot of old stud, bartender,
And I'll be on my way,
I'll get that runt that stole my cunt,
If it takes till Judgment Day.

He staggered in from the boat
With a rusty load in his poke
He grabbed his balls and he howled
That he wanted to play.
Along the horseshoe bar,
He howled that he wanted to play,
And all along the bar,
All the lights went low
And all you could hear
Was hollers and screams and farts and moans and groans.

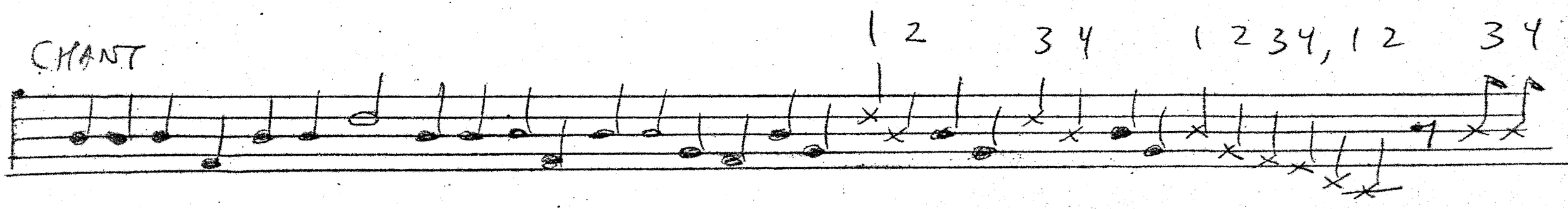
In the corner on the floor,
Lay Dangerous Dan upon a whore.
Her dress was up and her ass was bare,
And if he wasn't fuckin' then why was he there?

A maiden ran across the deck,
And Columbus he pursued her.
The white of an egg ran down her leg,
The Son of a bitch, he screwed her.

Recited by the same informant as the Limericks, in a sing-song chant vaguely reminiscent of the tune of the Limericks; obviously a confusion of several songs and ballads, but this is the way he recited it, suggesting something about the manner of change produced in folk transmission of erotica.

1971A
Bar

JODY RHYMES



Every time we sound retreat,
Jody gets a piece of meat,
So, sound off (1-2), sound off (3-4),
Sound off (1-2-3-4, 1-2, 3-4).

When I get back from old Japan,
Bury me in an old tin can,
So, sound off . . .

I got a girl who lives on a hill,
She won't screw but her sister will,
So, sound off . . .

I got a girl who lives on a hill,
She'll sell her ass for a dollar bill,
So, sound off . . .

I got a girl from Doublin' Gap,
She's got the syph an' I got the clap,
So, sound off . . .

When I get back from the Russian front,
Bury me with a Russian Cunt,
So, sound off . . .

When I get back from the Russian war,
Bury me with a Russian whore,
So, sound off . . .

~~Snatchcring~~
Chanted by male H.S. students in Carlisle, 1951.

Members of the track team returning victorious from a track meet, composed the following verses on the bus:

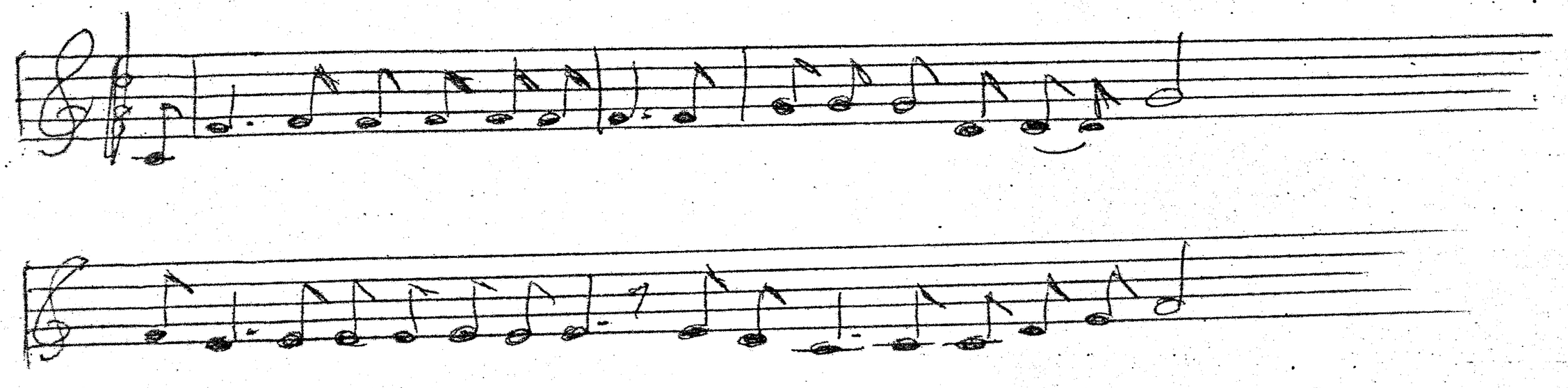
(April 1951)

We won the meet and Forney's mad,
But we don't care, cause we're all glad,
So sound off . . .

That glucose stuff must a' done us good,
Cause we did a lot better'n they thought we would,
So sound off . . .

Forney was the opposing coach; the Carlisle coach gave his team spoonsful of liquid glucouse before the meet as a source of quick energy.

See also George G. Carey, "A Collection of Airborne Cadence Counts," JAF, 78 (1965), 52-61. Cf. Rationale, pp. 707 ff.

LIMERICKS

[Timing wrong, but this is the tune]

There was an Englishman from France,
He hopped a train by chance,
He played the piano
And skinnt his banana
And the juice ran down his pants.

There was an old lady, God bless her,
Who tried to jump over a dresser,
She caught hertail
On an eight-penny nail
And ripped her p, double esser.

There was an old lady from Francé,
Who came to the English dance,
The motorman fucked her
Before the conductor
And the brakeman ran away with her pants.

Though these are obviously limericks, the informant, a backwoods native of central Penna., given to wearing a homemade raccoon cap, sang them to the tune above. For variants, see Super Sex-to-Sexty No 17 (1971), p. 31, for second verse; The Limerick, no. 335; Douglas, Some Limericks (NY, 1967), p. 55; Immortalia (1927), p. 158, no. 6.

1468
Florrie

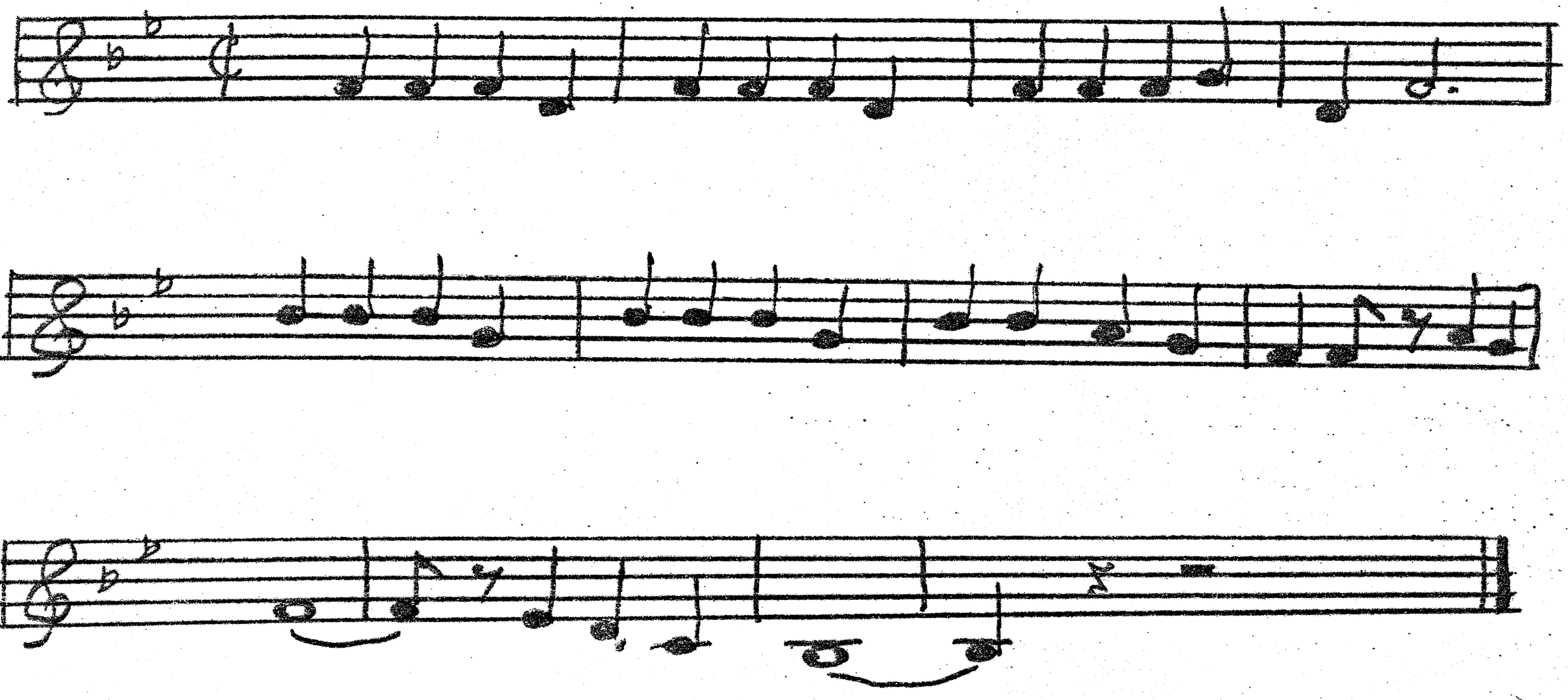
1971A

66 - 8 = 58

2:1468

1468. ☐ To compare with the classic Old Lady from Wheeling, 1:762.

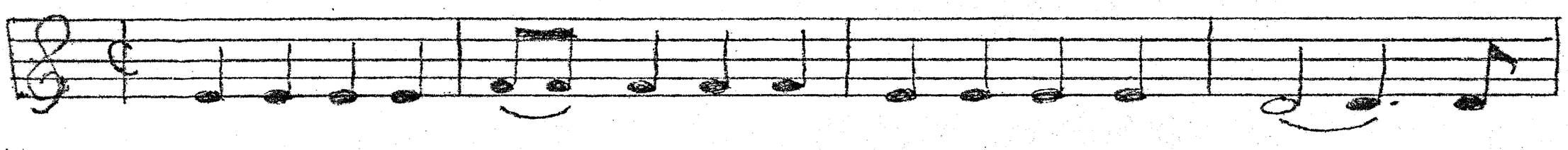
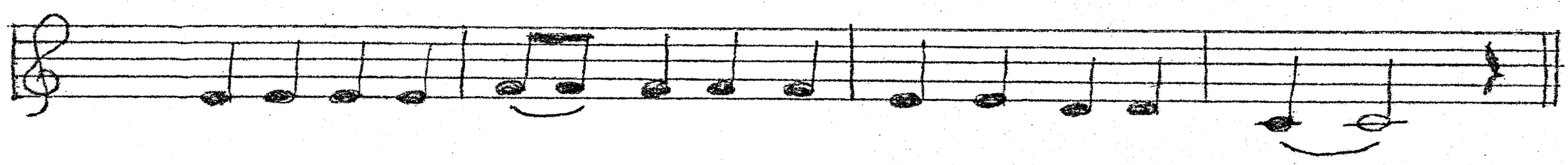
Barrick-

9. All Night Long and All Day Too

1. Mary had a little lamb,
   She fed him castor oil,
   And everywhere that Mary went,
   He fertilized the soil,
   All night long, and all day too.

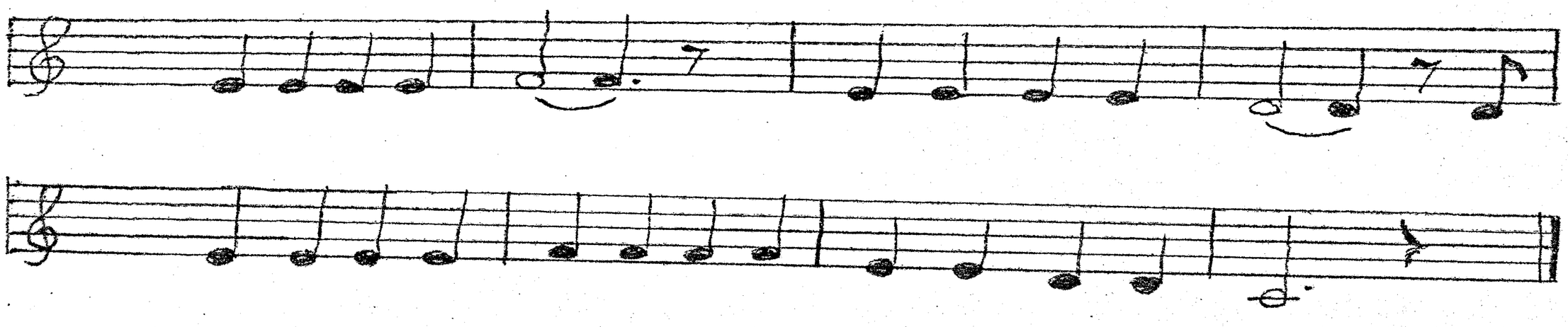
2. The girl stood on the burning deck,
   Her feet were all a-quiver.
   The wind blew up her avenue
   And I saw up the river;
   All night long, and all day too.

(SM, March 1975. The verses to this song and those of the number 11 are often sung interchangeably.)

11. Boil That Cabbage Down



Chorus



1. Mary had a little lamb,
   She fed him castor oil,
   And everywhere that Mary went,
   He fertilized the soil.

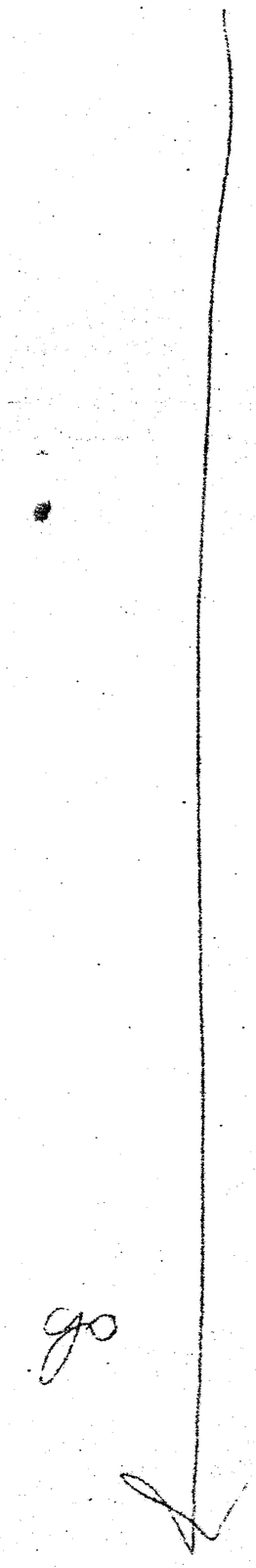
Cho. Boil that cabbage down,
   Bake those biscuits brown,
   The only song that I can sing
   Is "Boil that cabbage down."

2. She ran around the haystack,
   And I ran around to meet her;
   She pulled up her petticoat
   And I pulled out for Georgia.

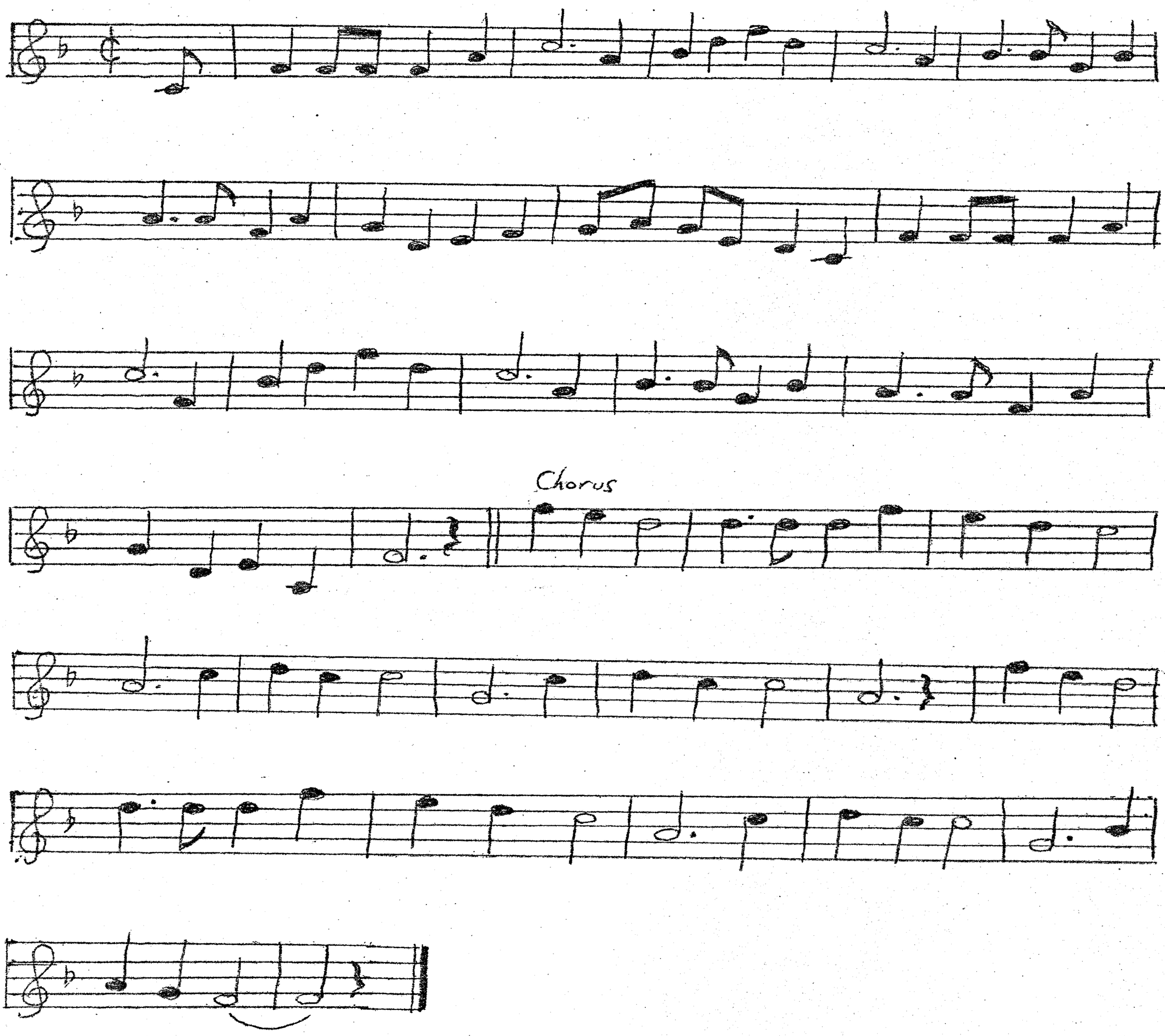
3. [Name] had an old brown cow,
   And she was kind a' tricky;
   She ran away with the neighbor's bull,
   And now she's bull-sharicky.

4. [Name] had a Model-T Ford,
He loved it very well.
He ran into a telephone pole
And smashed it all to pieces.

(SM, Jan. 1971; thought "bull-sharicky" meant "pregnant, I guess." The false rhymes of verses 2 and 4 are typical of humorous folksongs, where the audience is led to expect a risque line and doesn't get it. The Library of Congress Check-list of Recorded . . . Folk Song [p. 31] lists five recordings of "Boil That Cabbage Down.")



go on

19. Redwing

a. 1. There once was an Indian maid,
A shy little prairie maid,
Who sang all day a love song gay,
As she would while away the day.
She loved a warrior bold,
This shy little maid of old,
But alas! one day he rode away,
To battle he did go.

Cho. Oh, the moon shines tonite on pretty Redwing,
The breezes sighing, the night birds crying,
And far beneath the sky her brave is sleeping,
While Redwing['s] weeping her heart away.

2. She watched for him each night
And kept the camp fire bright,
And under the sky each night would lie
To dream of his coming by and by,
And when the braves returned,
The heart of Redwing yearned,
For alas her warrier gay
Fell bravely in the fray.

(JmB, bef. 1940; MS collection. The Library of Congress Check-list includes three recordings of this song.)

b. Cho. Oh, the sun shines bright on Charlie Chaplin,
His shoes are crackin', they need a blackin',
And his old gray pants they need a patchin',
Where he's been scratchin' mosquito bites.

(JT, Jan. 1971.)

c. Cho. Oh, the sun ~~shines~~ bright on pretty Lucy,
Her ass is goosey, and her cunt is juicy,
And her old ragged pants they need a mending
Where she's been bending her ass away.

(Jan. 1971. "Redwing" has been parodied frequently; see, e.g., The Limerick, no. 939; E. R. Linton, The Dirty Song Book [Los Angeles, 1969], 49; Woody Guthrie used the tune for his labor song "Union Maid"; see Alan Lomax, et al., Hard Hitting Songs for Hard-Hit People (NY 1967), 324-325, and "Talking Union" [Folkways Records, FH 5285, ©1955].)

Alfred Ellison, Dirty Words and How to Use Them [Atlanta, 1969], 202; and Hart, Immortalia, 225-230.